

## Coming Home

by Nussy

Category: X-Files  
Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance  
Language: English  
Characters: D. Scully, F. Mulder  
Status: Completed  
Published: 2000-05-02 09:00:00  
Updated: 2001-02-25 09:00:00  
Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:09:14  
Rating: K+  
Chapters: 6  
Words: 20,713  
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net  
Summary: What happens when Mulder comes back after he had to disappear two and a half years ago?

### 1. Coming Home 1

Title: Coming Home (1/6)  
>Authors: Nussy and Cirglas<br>Classification: S, R, H / No-romos really shouldn't read this!  
>Rating: PG- for now<br>Disclaimer: Only Scully's students and the story itself belong to us.  
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>Summary: Mulder had to disappear two and a half years ago. What<br>happens when he comes back?  
>Keywords: MulderScully Romance, Future  
>SpoilersTimeline: at least 2 years after 5th season. But we ignored  
  
>the fact that Scully can't have children. Hey, we all know they'll<br>find a way to overcome THAT problem, right? ;).

#### Author's notes:

>Nussy: Hi! We're back with a new story. Thanks to all of you who have<br>written to us until now. Keep on sending that good ol' feedback. We  
>love it.<br>Cirglas: We really had a lot of fun writing this story. I hope you'll  
>enjoy reading it just as much. There are more stories to come.<br>Post: Anywhere. -Would you let us know where? We'll visit ;)  
  
>Feedback: Yes PLEASE<p>

Last but not least: This story is dedicated to two people. To Sarah -

>you made us finish the story a lot faster than we had planned -  
and<br>Muuh - thanks for encouraging us.

Here  
goes:

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\*\*Coming Home (1/6)\*\*

by Nussy & Cirglas

"Scully, do you believe in the existence of  
extraterrestrials?"

"It's highly unlikely, but not impossible."

Mumbling and snickering ran through the last few rows of the lecture  
>hall. But they were quickly silenced by some fierce 'shh's from  
most<br>of the other students who wanted to hear her out.

"Now, listen. It took me many years to admit as much as that so

>please don't underestimate my skepticism." Answering laughter.

"But<br>I've seen a lot over the years, and I've told you about some  
of it,

>and don't forget, I said it's highly unlikely. And to tell you  
the<br>truth, I'd like to think that there are intelligent beings out  
there.

>You see, you start to feel pretty lonely if you think that  
we're<br>alone in the universe." More laughter.

Scully felt strange. That was something she had never imagined even

>thinking two and a half years ago, much less before she had  
ever<br>started with 'The X-Files'. /Oh, well. I guess everything has  
it's

>time in life, huh? Scully glanced at her watch. "Okay, everybody.

>The show is over for today. See you all tomorrow." She smiled as  
she<br>heard the sounds of protest from her students. /Actually,  
teaching is

>fun. She sighed as she stepped down from the podium. She had had a

>tiring day and just wanted to go home and have a nice quiet  
evening.<p>

But seeing her two favorite students coming towards her, a smile

>formed on her face. Gwendolyn Parker and Ryan Mitchell

were<br>intelligent and interested students and, although they were  
as

>stubborn as she was, they respected her opinion. And she  
respected<br>theirs.

/Sort of like my friendship with Mulder./ A pang of sadness hit her.

>No. Mulder was completely different., she chided herself. But she

>couldn't think about Mulder anymore. It caused her too much pain  
to<br>think of him. Gwen and Ryan arrived at her side and greeted

her.

"Great lesson, Dr. Scully." Gwen said.

"Yeah, a little spooky but quite interesting." Ryan said and they  
>all smiled at his small joke.<p>

/Now I'm the one that is called 'spooky'. I wonder what they'll say  
>if they meet Mulder, my mentor.

/Not 'if'. 'When'. Mulder'll come back. I know he will./

"Thanks, you two. But I think the guy in the red shirt who sat in the  
>third row from the back enjoyed the show a little too  
much."<p>

"Oh, don't worry about him, Dr. Scully. Ryan and I met him once. And  
>he's a jerk. Your classes are always full. Most of 'em thought it  
was<br>interesting."

"Gwen, liver-eating mutants aren't interesting. They are perfect  
>material for gruesome stories to tell when sitting around the  
camp-<br>fire. Except that I had the dubious pleasure of encountering  
one."

"And we believe you. Anyway, what we came for, was to ask you if you  
>have something planned for dinner tonight. We'll go to that  
new<br>Italian place called Tony's and we'd like you to join  
us."

Scully thought about it and realized that, in fact, a little company  
>would be nice. And Gwen and Ryan were just the kind of company  
she<br>needed to cheer her up. But she needed to go home beforehand.  
She  
>wanted a little time to relax and check her messages.<p>

"How about after dinner? I have some errands to run, but I'll meet  
>you at Berry's around 9 o'clock?" They had met at Berry's before.  
It<br>was a mixture between a bar and a dance hall. And although she  
didn't  
>dance herself, she liked to watch others dance.<p>

"Sure, that would be nice." Gwen seemed delighted. That was when  
>something occurred to Scully:<p>

"But only if you don't try and set me up with one of your other  
>professors." Gwendolyn's face fell.<p>

"But, Dr. Scully, he's a really nice guy!" Ryan just laughed that

>Gwen's plan had been uncovered.<p>

Scully smiled at him and then turned her attention back to the girl.

"Listen. I'll meet you at 9, but you have to promise not to try to  
>play matchmaker for me, okay?" These kids!/  
<p>

"Oh, okay. But don't say I didn't try." Gwendolyn smiled at her  
>again. That was the fourth - no, fifth - time they had tried to  
pair<br>her up with some 'nice guy'.

"Hey, thanks for worrying about my love life, Miss Parker, but  
>believe me, I'm fine with it as it is now." Sure!/  
>goodbye and said: "Well, see you at 9."<p>

As Scully entered her apartment, she noticed how tired she really  
>was. Should have just told 'em that another day would be better./  
>But she thought that after a long shower she might just barely  
feel<br>human again.

On her way to the bathroom she started up her computer, a routine she  
>had had for the last two years. They might have heard something from  
>him.

That was her main goal. To help Mulder if he needed her. Since the  
>day he had vanished, she had only had contact with him through  
the<br>Gunmen. She had helped him in his search for his sister and  
the last  
>time she had heard from him, he had been pretty close. But that  
had<br>been over seven months ago.

A look towards the clock.

Seven months, eleven days, nine hours, 47 minutes and 36 seconds. No,  
>she wasn't obsessed. Just worried.<p>

What she missed most was talking to him directly. Whether by phone or  
>in person, it didn't matter. But she wished she could have  
him<br>respond immediately. She missed his voice over the phone or at  
her  
>door saying the three words that had become so dear to her:  
"Scully,<br>it's me.". But direct communication would have been way  
to dangerous  
>for him as well as for her.<p>

She remembered their last meeting. Every word, every look. She  
>thought that that last night must have burned itself into her

memory:<p>

"Mulder, this is ridiculous! What makes you so sure you don't have  
>false information this time? That they're not fooling you?" She  
could<br>see he was trying to find a plausible explanation for  
her.

"Scully, it's the only thing that makes sense! Don't you see it? I  
>have to find her before they come and get her! They'll kill her  
if<br>I can't save her!"

"Mulder. You can carry on your search from here." He shook his head.

>"Or at least let me come with you. It's too dangerous for you to  
go<br>alone."

"No, Scully, I won't take you with me. Just as you said, it's too

>dangerous. I won't let you risk everything. Not your life. I  
couldn't<br>forgive myself if anything happened to you." He moved  
closer to her

>and took her small hand in his. "I need you to help me here. I  
need<br>someone who supervises and manages everything. I need you as  
a

>contact to the rest of the world. But I won't endanger you. So  
our<br>contact will be solely through the Gunmen. And don't you try  
and find

>me." He smiled, and she tried to smile back, failing  
miserably.<p>

"Mulder..."

"Scully. I promise I'll be careful. I'll send you a message whenever

>I can." He gave her hand a last squeeze and then turned to go.  
Scully<br>felt as if somebody had cut the ground from under her feet.  
As he

>opened the apartment door, she called him back.<p>

"Mulder. Just promise you'll come back." Her words weren't much more

>than a whisper. But they were strong enough to be heard by him.  
With<br>three long strides he was back at her side and gathering her  
into his

>arms. He hugged her so fiercely, she thought he might crush her,  
but<br>he didn't. He whispered even quieter than she had:

"I promise. Oh, Scully, I promise."

When he had left she had felt as if she were drowning. And she

>couldn't rid herself of that feeling. She had had the chance to  
help<br>him once in a while, but that had been all. After the X-Files  
had

>been closed down, she had been offered back the teaching job  
at<br>Quantico. And she had accepted it gladly, resenting the thought  
of a

>new partner. Although her mom could probably sleep much better now

-<br>teaching was a lot less life-threatening profession - Scully missed  
>her former work. And especially her former partner.<p>

The Gunmen had been really kind. Frohike at his best. He had even

>offered to take some pictures of her and send them to Mulder. But she<br>had been reluctant to let him and had asked: "You sure that it

>wouldn't just be for your own personal photo collection?" She had<br>smiled to let him know she was joking.

"No need, Agent Scully, no need. I already have enough." He had

>leered at her with his eyebrows bobbing up and down. She had sighed<br>and finally agreed to have him take some pictures. But when, after a  
>few shots, he had asked her to unbutton the first few buttons on her<br>blouse, she had cut off the session.

She emerged from the kitchen, clad in jeans and her hair still wet

>from the shower. Carrying a warmed up Chinese take-out dinner, she<br>returned to the computer screen. Her email icon was blinking, telling  
>her that she had new mail. She let her eyes sweep over themwork,

>work, work...I really ought to get a life... work, probably<br>work, science magazine... ah, finally./ The email was from somebody

>called Leonard Gregory Matthews. They always used names with the<br>initials 'LGM' - as in 'Lone GunMen' - so if her emails were hacked  
>into, they wouldn't seem to be of much interest to anyone.<p>

She was so exited that she forgot her take-out, she opened the mail

>and read it. It said:<p>

"Sorry, beloved. Nothing new yet. Thanx for still respecting me in  
>the morning, though. We'll keep in touch?"<p>

Scully laughed in spite of the worry about her partner. These guys

>always thought of something to cheer her up. She sent back:  
"Sure,<br>I'd be delighted. Thanx for the mail. Bye."

She logged out and continued on her abandoned dinner.

Gwendolyn Parker looked around the bar. It was a stuffy restaurant

>which was a little like a 50s American Diner with tacky red plastic<br>seats, a music box and old poster ads on the wall. It used to be a  
>normal bar with all it's dark and depressed customers. Since Berry<br>bought and renovated it completely, the bar had become something like  
>a college-people meeting place. But the owner didn't mind all those<br>Quantico-students sitting there every night. Berry always

jokingly

>said he never felt as safe when Gwen and her friends weren't sitting<br>there.

Gwen herself enjoyed Quantico a lot. Although she had expected a few

>more female students to be there. But that deficit was compensated by<br>Dana Scully. She definitely was the most intelligent of Gwen's

>professors. But that didn't keep her from being extremely pleasant.<br>And, okay, yes, her field of study was more interesting than the

>other classes Gwen had to attend: Most of Dr. Scully's classes ended<br>up as lectures about abnormal forensic evidence.

But she wondered why Doc Scully was the way she was. Gwen had heard

>the stories about the 'spooky' partner Dr. Scully had had before she<br>had returned to Quantico. And there were a lot of rumors about the

>reason she was called 'The Ice Queen'. Gwen couldn't imagine why<br>somebody would give Dr. Scully that name. She seemed to be so

>friendly and considerate with her students. But then again, Doc<br>Scully had never been seen with a male escort to any of the quite

>frequent functions. And that kind of rumors usually made the rounds<br>quite fast.

But Gwen thought of Scully in a different way than most other

>students did. Dr. Scully was an attractive, successful, popular and<br>very competent agent and teacher. She had to compensate for the fact

>that she was a petite woman in an 'old boys' club'. And Gwen Parker<br>knew, that Scully had more than enough men paying court to her. But

>she always told them to buzz off. Gwen had, since she had met Doc<br>Scully, made it her goal to find the right man for her. She had

>arranged for her to meet some of her other professors, but Scully -<br>although she seemed to get along with them just fine - hadn't shown

>any further interest in them.<p>

That was when the subject of her thoughts came into view on the other

>side of the bar. Gwen again marveled at the fact that her teacher<br>seemed much younger on these 'evenings out'. She wore faded jeans and

>a Quantico-sweatshirt. Hair pulled back into a ponytail, she looked<br>at least ten years younger. Scully saw her and returned the welcoming

>smile. Then she seated herself with a sigh on the opposite side of<br>the table.

The other six students welcomed her warmly and - in quite a different

>to the reaction than that shown to other professors - continued their<br>conversations. And their ...um... NC-17 jokes. Jake was, as

always,  
>flirting with her. Scully flirted back, but they both - just like  
all<br>the others - knew it was just for fun. The crazy thing about  
it was  
>that Scully was talking along with them all as if she were  
just<br>another student.

"So what did you guys have for dinner?" Scully asked.

"Um, well, I had a salad, but Ryan here had spaghetti with meatballs.

>Men are, and will always be, kids.", Gwen answered.<p>

Scully laughed while Ryan only let out a snort of protest. Yep. She

>knew what Gwen was talking about. Many years of Mulder-sitting  
had<br>probably prepared her quite well for parenthood. If she ever  
would  
>come that far.<p>

"And you, Doc?" Gwen queried.

"I had good ol' Chinese take-out," Scully answered with a  
smile.

"What? That kind of so-called food?" Gwen joked. They continued

>joking and laughing the night away.<p>

An hour later Gwen had noticed a very handsome man in his late 30s

>entering the bar. Briefly, he had glanced over in their direction  
and<br>then taken a seat on the other side of the room. But when a  
slow song

>started filling the room, he moved towards their table. Gwen  
noticed<br>that he was fairly tall, at least compared to the people  
he passed on

>his way over. And as he came nearer she realized that he had nice  
but<br>sad hazel/green eyes. /Too bad he's not my age. He's a really  
good-

>looking fellow.

Scully, sitting with her back to the dance floor, hadn't noticed him

>coming. She continued drawing smileys into the condensed water on  
her<br>glass, when suddenly she felt a hand on her shoulder, and a  
voice was

>saying: "May I have this dance, pretty lady?"<p>

/That was Mulder's voice!/  
>No, it wasn't./

>Sure it was./

>It can't be. He's gone, remember?/  
>But what if he came back?/

Gwen was waiting for the mortal blow. Few men had tried something

>like that with their Doc and until now they had always gotten  
an<br>earful of the almost proverbial Dr.-Scully-wrath. She even  
thought



>about calling an ambulance. That guy had gone rather far with  
'pretty<br>lady'. She didn't know how Dr. Scully would  
react.

Actually she didn't react at all. She was sitting there wide-eyed,  
>staring off into space. Then, very slowly, she started turning  
her<br>head. The man didn't seem to know in how much trouble he was,  
his  
>smile growing even wider as their gazes met. Still not  
replying,<br>Scully let herself be pulled up by this handsome  
stranger and brought  
>away from the table.<p>

Gwen didn't know what she should think about this turn of events. The  
>'Ice Queen' was dancing very close with an absolute stranger!  
Doc<br>Scully had rested her head against his chest and he had  
encircled her  
>small frame with his arms. Oh, and yes, he was tall. She  
barely<br>reached his chin. And the careful way he held her. As if  
she were the  
>most precious thing in the world. The strange thing was, how  
these<br>two total strangers moved in such harmony together. And they  
seemed  
>so happy like that. They were both smiling contentedly with  
their<br>eyes closed and only exchanged a whispered word or  
two.

Gwendolyn wondered if Dr. Scully might even know this guy. That would  
>certainly explain a lot. But even though she raked her brain,  
she<br>didn't recognize him. So her friends were her only  
chance.

"Hey, anybody know that guy she's dancing with?"

But the only answer was a solemn look and a shake of the head from  
>everybody. Nobody knew him. They all seemed surprised.<p>

On the other side of the room, Scully certainly was enjoying herself.

>It really was Mulder! She still couldn't quite believe it. And  
yet,<br>here she was, dancing with him, holding him in her arms. No,  
she knew  
>she wasn't hallucinating. She felt him, smelled him and heard  
him.<p>

"Scully, close your mouth before something flies in." Actually not  
>the nicest thing to say, but for Scully it was the most  
wonderful<br>sound in the world.

Mulder was  
back.

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End of part one

Okay. This is gonna be a long one. We'll try and post them

>frequently but we can't promise. If you have any comments on  
he<br>story, please send them to us.

Nessy &  
Cirglas

-----  
If you're lonely  
>And need a friend<br>And troubles seem like  
>they never end<br>Just remember to keep the faith  
>And love will be there to light the way<p>

Anytime you need a friend  
>I will be here<br>You'll never be alone again  
>So don't you fear<br>Even if you're miles away  
>I'm by your side<br>So don't you ever be lonely  
>Love will make it alright.<p>

---- Mariah Carey (Anytime You Need A Friend)

## 2. Coming Home

2

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Coming Home (2/6)  
>Part two<p>

by Nessy and Cirglas  
>Disclaimer and everything you need to know is in part one,  
please<br>read it beforehand. This chapter won't make much sense  
standing on  
>it's  
own.<p>-----

It really was Mulder! She still couldn't quite believe it. And yet,

>here she was, dancing with him, holding him in her arms. No, she  
knew<br>she wasn't hallucinating. She felt him, smelled him and heard  
him.

"Scully, close your mouth before something flies in." Actually not

>the nicest thing to say, but for Scully it was the most  
wonderful<br>sound in the world. Mulder was back.

Way too soon the song was over. Even before they stepped away from

>each other, Scully found Mulder's hand with her own and preceded  
him<br>back to her students' table. Suddenly she felt a little  
embarrassed  
>because of the faces that were looking expectantly at her.<p>

"Um, listen, I'd like for you to meet someone." She waited a moment

>to gather her thoughts and sort out what she could tell them and what  
>she'd rather not. "Well, this is Mulder. We used to work together.  
>Mulder, these are some of my favorite students: Jack, Lisa, Matt,  
>Gwen, Ryan, Chris and Daniel." She introduced them in the order in  
>which they sat.<p>

"Hey, we thought we were your favorite students, not just some of  
>them." Jack's mock disappointment made her smile. As always he simply  
>couldn't resist the opportunity to tease her. In that way he was a  
>little like Mulder. And that had helped her a lot on some of the hard  
>days when she had missed Mulder more than usual. /But now I have the  
>original back. Scully and Mulder slid onto the bench. While part of  
>the conversation lit up again, Jack, instinctively knowing that this  
>Mulder set a claim on their Doc, continued his joking:

"And you know, Doc, I am disappointed. I thought you would allow me  
>the first dance." He noticed with interest Mulder's questioning side-  
>way glance at her.

"Oh, Jack, I'm so sorry to disappoint you!" Scully replied and  
>leaned her head against Mulder's shoulder smiling a happy smile. And  
>to her surprise - but nevertheless delight - Mulder draped his arm  
>around her shoulders. They really needed to talk later. But right now  
>she just wanted to enjoy his company. She was overjoyed that this was  
>possible once again after such a long time.<p>

One hour - and millions of jokes and monster stories later - Scully's  
>belly and face muscles ached from laughing so much. She hadn't  
>laughed this much in years. Of course, her students were curious,  
>especially about her former life, or so it seemed. And Mulder was  
>more than happy to supply them with stories about it. They had  
>accepted Mulder quite willingly which pleased her, although she could  
>see that a few had recognized him as the 'Spooky Mulder' he was. But  
>they really didn't seem to mind. Scully had to chuckle. Now they  
>don't think I'm that 'out there' anymore. Compared to Mulder I'm  
>really tame./

Mulder leaned back and pulled Scully with him, his arm around her  
>shoulders. She rested her head on his shoulder again while he begun  
>another anecdote. She was thrilled that he hadn't moved his arm from  
>around her all evening.<p>

"Well, you see, Scully was quite a skeptic and so my main goal during

>each and every case was to convince her of the  
'extreme<br>possibilities'. I had a hard time, though. Her  
stubbornness didn't  
>even diminish in the least. She was the worst case of skepticism  
I<br>had ever seen. But I knew that eventually her mind would open  
up." He  
>turned his head and smiled down at her. "So I kept on trying.  
And<br>although she'll never admit it, I think I succeeded,  
regardless how  
>small the success was."<p>

"Oh, really? And what about the times when my logic and skepticism  
>saved you? And I do not only mean those horrible creatures  
we<br>encountered. I mean Skinner."

Mulder smiled and Scully smiled back at him then he turned away

>again. "I told you she wouldn't admit it." She rolled her eyes and  
-<br>overcome by happiness she felt frivolous - stuck her tongue out  
at  
>Mulder. That caused another fit of laughter at the table. He  
shrugged<br>apologetically at her and she ruffled his hair.

Scully couldn't remember the last time she had been this silly. It

>felt terrific! Usually when Mulder and she were together there  
had<br>been a case to solve, a life to save or only the fear of  
crossing  
>that invisible line between them... He pouted at her, for she  
knew<br>perfectly well that he didn't like his hair to be ruffled.  
She had  
>already thought of a worthy retort but then noticed the look in  
his<br>eyes.

/How can someone's eyes show so many emotions?/ She saw so much in

>those deep hazel eyes: happiness, relief, friendship,  
protectiveness,<br>sorrow, giddiness, compassion. All the emotions  
swirled around in the  
>deep pools of brown and made her breath catch. She lost herself  
in<br>his eyes, the sight of them bringing back long-forgotten  
memories of  
>short moments between them.<p>

Scully snapped back to reality and realized where they were. Her

>cheeks blushed slightly at being so easy to distract. Mulder  
smiled<br>at her and turned his head to her students. She gave  
herself a mental  
>shake. How could she have spaced out like that? But then she  
thought<br>/To hell with caution. Mulder and I deserve some careless  
happiness./  
>Determined to follow that plan she snuggled up a little closer  
to<br>Mulder, and his grip tightened on her shoulders. She turned her  
head  
>back towards the others. They were all grinning at them.  
Hmmm.../

"So what did you think of our fave Doc here when you met her?" Jake  
>just couldn't get enough information on them.<p>

"I wondered how somebody so small could be so smart." That earned him  
>a playful shove to his ribs. "Hey! That was a  
compliment!"<p>

"Well, sorry. Although I did like the second part of it...", her  
>voice trailed off. She had really missed that 'innocent look' of  
his;<br>the one he threw her way when he knew all too well he had  
done  
>something that would get him into trouble.<p>

"What, you don't like 'shorty-jokes', Agent Scully?"

"No, Agent Mulder, I don't. And I don't know how many times you've  
>bumped your head on one case or another. The bigger you are,  
the<br>better the target you are. Your hospital records are  
undeniable  
>proof."<p>

"Ha. Ha. Ha."

Yep. She really had missed him.

But Scully started to notice her possessive streak. She started to  
>get restless. She needed to talk to Mulder. Alone. Without all  
those<br>listeners. There were so many questions to ask, things to  
tell him.  
>And she wanted his undivided attention. You haven't seen Mulder in  
  
>over two years. And now he's been here no more than one and a  
half<br>hours and he's already the center of your life again?/  
  
>Probably always was./

So she needed a plan. "Well, folks, Let's call it a day. Remember,  
>there are classes tomorrow..." A sound of protest ran around  
the<br>table as she lifted herself from her seat. "Sorry, but I'm  
getting  
>old. And old people gotta go to bed early." With a look over  
at<br>Mulder, "That goes for you, too, old man." And then, as an  
  
>afterthought, "Can I drop you off anywhere, Mulder?"<p>

"Yeah, Scully, that would be great." He stood up, ready to leae. They  
>bid their 'good-byes' and left the bar.<p>

Gwen followed the couple with her eyes - Mulder helped Scully into  
>her trench and guided her to the door with a hand at the small of  
her<br>back - until they stepped into the crisp winter nights' air.

>They're cute together. Maybe my self-assigned task at finding Doc  
>Scully a boyfriend won't be as hard as I had originally thought.  
Look<br>like she's able to take care of herself, after all. And the  
only thing  
>that really is 'spooky' about them, is how they act together.  
Like<br>in total partnership. Yep. They belong together./  
>If I were her, I'd take him home with me./

She turned her head back just as Jack said: "Well, looks like my  
>chances with our lovely Doc have come to an end. That guy stole  
her<br>from me!"

Matt replied: "Sorry to tell you this, bud, but you never did have a  
>chance with her. And he didn't steal anything that didn't want to  
be<br>stolen. Anyway, he saw her first."

Jack feigned shocked and insulted face. They all reached over and  
>ruffled his hair with sounds of "oooo"s and "poor Jack"s. And  
then<br>roars of laughter rang through Berry's Bar.

"Mulder, I really can't believe you don't have a place to stay  
>tonight." Scully was fumbling with the door lock. Why did that  
damn<br>hallway light always have to be broken? She couldn't see what  
she was  
>doing.<p>

"Well, Scully, I knew I could stay here. I'm irresistible."

"No, you're incorrigible." /Ah, finally./

The door swung open and Scully stepped in. She set her purse and the  
>keys down on the table next to the door.<p>

"Do you want anything to dr--" Suddenly Mulder's arms encircled her  
>waist and hugged her to him. Her door banged closed. He must  
have<br>kicked it with quite a lot of force... or maybe just plain  
>carelessness. Scully's arms had risen at the shock and the  
surprised<br>gasps which had escaped, made him chuckle into her  
shoulder.

"Mulder?" What was going on?

She felt him shrug and then he simply answered: "Missed ya."

How could he 'confuse her speechless' with two words? Still, she  
>had to smile at his unusual display of affection.<p>

Then he turned her around, took her left hand carefully and gently  
>pulled her towards the couch. Once there he sat down heavily  
and<br>tugged on her arm - hard enough so that she lost her balance

and,  
>with another soft cry, she landed on his lap. His arms encircled  
her<br>waist and she leaned back against his arm, and letting her  
legs  
>dangle off the side of his.<p>

Mulder smiled apologetically and asked: "So. How was life the last  
>two years without me?"<p>

"Unh-unh. That's not fair. You had your spies on me. And I'm sure  
>Frohike just loved to give you the weekly report on my  
activities.<br>But I don't know about anything that happened to you."  
She  
>straightened his wild tie and smiled, eyes twinkling  
mischievously,<br>"but I can see your taste hasn't changed a  
bit."

They smiled at each other. Mulder leaned back and took Scully with  
>him, and losing her balance - again - she fell onto his  
shoulder.<br>They both closed their eyes and tried to relax. She gave  
a contented  
>sigh and gathered her thoughts.<br>"Did you find what you were  
looking for?"

"Yeah, Scully, I finally did."

"And?"

"She's fine. She lives with her husband and her two children and a  
>dog in a big house, has a good job, lots of friends and - what  
is<br>most important to me - a future that I can be part of." And  
after a  
>long pause: "I...I want you to meet her."<p>

"Why do you want me to?"

"Because you helped me look for her all that time."

"Mulder, I didn't do anything. You found her. We barely had contact  
>over the last two and a half years."<p>

"I don't only mean that. I..." Somehow he didn't seem to find the  
>right words. "You helped me all those years. Even before I went  
off<br>to look for her two years ago. You... You kept me sane. Since  
the day  
>we met."<p>

Tears were springing to her eyes at his touching words. She needed  
>something to change the subject or at least lighten the mood.  
"So,<br>you no longer think I am a spy?", she joked.

"You are," he responded, she stared at him in shock, and he

>continued, "but, thankfully, I now know that you are on my side."  
He<br>flashed her a big grin, then added quietly: "You know, I'm  
happy now,  
>Scully."<p>

"Mulder... I'm glad. I really am. And I'm sorry that I didn't believe  
>you that last night."<p>

"That's okay, Scully. It was a little unbelievable."

Scully nodded against his shoulder vehemently. He chuckled. After  
>another long pause she asked quietly: "So... that means ... you  
won't<br>go away again?"

He hugged her closer and replied: "You won't get rid of me that  
>easily ever again. Promise." It was supposed to be a joke but  
her<br>answer was a thoughtful nod.

"Um, Mulder? You want anything to drink?"

"Yeah, thanks. I'll take whatever you're having."

She got up and nodded smiling at him. She disappeared into the  
>kitchen.<p>

"So, how did you find out where I was tonight?"

"As you said, Scully, I sent spies on you." She reappeared with two  
>cans of iced tea.<p>

"Yeah? Did Frohike follow me all the time, so that when you came back  
>you could find me right away?", she joked.<p>

"Yeah, pretty much.", was his solemn reply. She swallowed the lump in  
>her throat. Maybe he did miss me as much as I missed him./ She went  
>back over to him, plopped back down on his lap and handed him one  
of<br>the cans. She ignored Mulder's astounded look, put her right  
arm  
>around his neck, played with the hair at his temple and  
started<br>swinging her legs.

"Oh sure, Scully, make yourself at home."

She took a swig of her tea, then smiled at him. "Hey, it's comfy  
>here. And you made me sit here in the first place." After a  
short<br>pause she added: "And this is MY home, not yours..."

Their gazes locked and they smiled at each other. Scully put her can  
>onto the coffee table and surprised Mulder another time that  
night:<br>She leaned back against his chest, rested her forehead



against his  
>temple and said with a voice so soft he almost couldn't  
understand:<br>"I wanna sit here a little while longer.  
Please?"

"Sure, Scully. Whatever you want." He replied even quieter.

Mulder shifted to make himself more comfortable. He was so glad he

>was finally back again. He had missed her smile and her voice and  
her<br>scent and her eyes and ... actually he had missed her, period.  
As  
>he had entered that bar and spied her sitting there... His heart  
had<br>doubled it's efforts at the mere sight of her copper hair. He  
had  
>barely restrained himself from running towards her or at  
least<br>calling out to her.

But he had taken the time to observe her, to refresh his memories of

>her. At first she had vividly talked with her students but when  
she<br>had become quieter and that nice soft song had begun he had  
given up  
>his resistance and had finally asked her to dance with him.<p>

As she had turned her head and looked at him... he had lost himself

>immediately in those baby-blue irises. But when she had smiled  
at<br>him... during their dance ...that small but so happy smile...  
he was  
>certain his heart had missed a few beats. And even now, as  
her<br>forehead rested against his temple, he still couldn't quite  
believe  
>that he was back again.<p>

It had been like coming home. And when you are gone a long time, you

>value your home much more than you would if you had never gone  
away<br>in the first place. And he valued this time with Scully now.  
There  
>were lots of things that needed his attention: Finding an  
apartment,<br>a car, a job... But he just wanted to enjoy Scully's  
company now. He  
>could take care of everything else tomorrow.<p>

Mulder broke out of his reverie. He heard Scully's slow and steady

>breathing.<p>

"Scully?", he asked softly. No answer. She was sleeping peacefully in

>his arms.<p>

"You're getting old." He smiled.

He contemplated what he should do now. She felt good in his arms and

>he was afraid to wake her by moving her. But then he decided  
that<br>sleeping in her own bed would be much better and more  
comfortable for

>her. So he got up - still holding her to his chest - and carried her<br>to her queen-sized bed.

As he laid her down she wouldn't let go of his shirt. So he had to

>pry her fingers away. He tucked her in securely and made sure she was<br>in a comfortable position. Then he seated himself on the corner of

>the mattress. He brushed a lock of fiery hair out of her face,<br>smoothed her frown away with a finger and caressed her cheek with the  
>back of his hand.<p>

He leaned over and brushed his lips over her forehead: "Sweet dreams,  
>Scully."<p>

Mulder got up and went to the closet on the other side of the room.

>He took out what he needed. A pillow, a throw blanket. Everything was<br>still where it used to be. Waiting for him to come back.

/Well, I'm

>back now. On his way back to the living room he left her door open.

>He knew it would have been nicer to allow her some privacy, but I

>need to make sure everything's all right. He moved the couch to the

>side a little so that he could keep an eye on her from where he<br>slept.

Then he flopped down and enjoyed the view until he fell asleep.

-----  
End part 2

Ahhhhh... yes, yes, we know, a little sappy... but, hey, aren't they

>cute? -- Nussy & ;

Cirglas<p>-----  
-

When the shadows are closing in

>And your spirit diminishing<br>Just remember you're not alone

>And love will be there<br>To guide you home.

If you just believe in me

>I will love you endlessly<br>Take my hand

>Take me into your heart<br>I'll be there forever baby

>I won't let go<br>I'll never let go

---- Mariah Carey (Anytime You Need A Friend)

### 3. Coming Home 3

Coming Home (3/6)

>Part three<p>

by Nussy and Cirglas

Disclaimer and everything you need to know is in part one.

>Please read the other parts beforehand, this chapter won't  
make<br>much sense standing on it's own. This has a little cursing in  
it,

>but nothing worse than what you see on the

show.<p><p>-----  
--

Mulder got up and went to the closet on the other side of the

>room. He took out what he needed. A pillow, a throw  
blanket.<br>Everything still there where it used to be. Waiting for  
him to

>come back. Well, I'm back now./ On his way back to the living

>room he left her door open. He knew it would have been nicer  
to<br>allow her some privacy, but /I need to make sure everything's  
all

>right. He moved the couch to the side a little so that he could

>see her from where he slept.<p>

Then he flopped down and enjoyed the view until he fell  
asleep.

-----

The next morning...

>Scully's alarm clock tore her out of a peaceful slumber. As  
always<br>she hit the stop button without even opening her eyes.

/Years of

>routine... Lazily she stretched and finally opened her eyes. And

>looked directly at Mulder's sleeping form on her couch.<p>

/Um... I thought my couch was a few feet to the left  
yesterday./

/Well, I guess he made himself comfortable./

/Sure, fine, whatever./ Scully, too hungry to shower, pulled on

>the jeans and sweatshirt from yesterday. Then she padded to  
the<br>kitchen on bare feet. She stuck some bagels into the oven and  
laid

>out the table for two. Fetching a warm bagel she headed back  
to<br>the living room. She walked over to the couch. Mulder looked so

>contented lying there: his arms crossed behind his head, his  
feet<br>dangling off the arm rest on the other side of the couch.

/Since

>Mulder's back again, I guess I really need a bigger couch.

/Why not a bigger bed?/

/What?!/

/You heard me./

/I don't think I understood you right./

/I think you did./

Mulder stirred in his sleep and brought Scully out of her

>thoughts. She leaned over the sleeping Mulder and watched him<br>sleep a few moments longer.

Finally, inspiration hit Scully and she dangled the toasted and

>deliciously smelling bagel under Mulder's nose.<p>

After a few seconds he jerked his head forward and took a big bite

>out of it. At the same time a very awake Mulder grabbed her wrist<br>and pulled her down on top of him. Scully's shocked gasp turned

>into giggling as he started tickling her.<p>

"Please...Mulder...stop." She barely got those words out between

>giggles.<p>

"Why? It's fun."

"Don't... I'm...ticklish."

"I wouldn't have noticed." He liked to hear her laugh like this.

>Such a rare opportunity. She seemed so much like a little girl.<br>But to his disappointment she said:

>"I ...give ...up...uncle! ...UNCLE!" Since she had said the magic<br>word he had to stop. After all you couldn't break rules. Only bend  
>them a little.<p>

Relieved that he had stopped, Scully took a few gulps of breath

>but was too exhausted to move. Mulder started to realize that<br>Scully now did not at all seem like a little girl anymore, but

>instead very womanly. He felt her small, soft body, pressing<br>against his, and heard her ragged breathing. His arms were still

>around her where he had tickled her. It would be so easy to say<br>something that would make her face turn up in his direction. That

>would leave their faces very close. Then he would only have to<br>touch his head forward just a little bit and their lips...

Scully seemed to notice in which direction his thoughts were

>heading because she cleared her throat and said.<p>

"Um... breakfast is ready." Mulder dropped his hands from around

>her. It would have been too good.../

Scully rolled off of him and headed for the kitchen without

>checking if he followed. Mulder had no choice but to do just that.<p>

"Mulder, I'm really sorry I have to leave but you didn't even tell

>me you were going to show up anytime this year let alone this<br>week. And I've got to teach my classes today."

Mulder looked at Scully while she ran around in her trench, purse

>under her elbow, looking for her keys and at the same time<br>clipping on her earrings. She looked so silly he had to smile.

>"Don't worry about it, Scully, I can manage a few hours without<br>you." /But not very long./ "By the way, looking for these?" He

>dangled her keys in the air.<p>

"Oh, thanks, Mulder." She took the keys from his hand and gave him

>a quick peck on the cheek which really effected his equilibrium.<br>"And I promise I won't be long." As she closed the door behind her

>she added: "Don't annoy the neighbors too much."<p>

"Ha. Ha. Ha."

Then she was gone. And Mulder already began to feel extremely

>lonesome in the big apartment. Nonsense. I'm a big boy./

He decided it was time to get started on something useful, so he

>walked over to the phone and called The Gunmen.<p>

"Hello?" It was Byers.

"Turn off the tape, guys. It's me."

"Oh, okay." A soft click. "Hey, Mulder how are you doing?"

"Oh, fine. Is Frohike listening?"

Frohike's voice: "Sure, Mulder. Can I do anything for you? Oh, by

>the way, where did you sleep last night? I hope you didn't make a<br>pass at the lovely Agent Scully."

"Matter of fact, yes, you can do something for me." He wisely

>ignored the other questions. "Could you bring my suitcase over to<br>Scully's? I need some stuff out of it."

"Sure, I'll be there right away. I never refuse an offer to come

>to Scully's apartment."<p>

"Well, sorry to disappoint you, Frohike, but Scully isn't home."

>"In that case you have to wait another half an hour. I'm in the<br>middle of something right now."

"Yeah, right. In the middle of 'Redheads Do It Better'?"

"45 minutes, Mulder."

"Okay, okay, I didn't say anything. See ya later."

15 minutes later, Mulder emerged from the shower feeling much

>worse. Well, the shower had been good, but he had seen something<br>very unsettling in the bathroom. A man's razor and cologne. That

>had made him think. Now, looking through Scully's closet in search<br>for a t-shirt, he found a man's sock and a tie. And the tie wasn't

>his. His had more... personality. And this one had somebody's<br>initials on it. 'C.S.'

Dwelling on the fact that Scully must have had male company he

>waited for Frohike to show up.<p>

Deling-dong!

>Mulder got up from the couch and went to the door. After checking<br>if it really was Frohike he opened the door.  
/Finally./

"Hi, Mulder, here's your stuff. You sure Scully's not here?" He

>tried to look around Mulder's lean form.<p>

But Mulder was not in a good mood. "What did you not tell me?"

"Huh? What are you talking about?" Frohike was confused.

Mulder held up his findings for Frohike's inspection.

"Where did you find that?" Frohike asked even more confused.

>"In her closet. You sure you told me everything there is about the<br>two and a half years I was gone?" Mulder's eyes pierced the little

>gnome.<p>

"Hey! The observation was 24 hours a day. She doesn't have a

>boyfriend. I'm sure, because ... okay, I offered to substitute<br>myself to her since you weren't there. But she turned me down. So

>if not me, then nobody."<p>

Mulder just had to smile at that. "I don't know if I'm reassured

>by your explanation."<p>

"Well, anyway, I gotta go. See ya later today?" Frohike wanted to  
>get out. Fast. A grumpy Mulder was not the best company.<p>

"Um, no, I still have some ends to tie up."

"Oh, okay. Say 'hi' to Agent Scully for me."

Then Mulder closed the door behind Frohike.

"That makes 10.25."

"Here. Keep the rest."

"Thank you, sir. Have a nice day."

Mulder got out of the cab and stretched his aching muscles. He

>really needed to get a car; those back seats were torture. But  
he<br>had a lot of things to do. First he needed a place to  
stay.

/How about Scully's place?/

And that car problem.

/Scully's car is nice./

Then he needed to take all his belongings out of the storage and

>into some new apartment.<p>

/Scully'll help you./

And he needed some more clothes.

/Scully can pick them out./

Oh, yeah, and a job would be good, too.

/Scully will get you your old job back./

And maybe he should finally get a life.

/You have a life. Scully is your life./

Um... quite a few 'Scully's. That brought him to the last topic on

>his mental list. "What am I gonna do about Scully?"<p>

He entered the mall and headed for the men's-wear store. How far

>would - could - he go with Scully? He wasn't quite as sure  
as<br>Frohike that she didn't have a boyfriend. /For sure she must  
have

>a lot of offers. She's a remarkable person. Maybe what he felt

>for her wasn't mutual. Did he interpret her ministrations  
wrong?<br>Even before he had gone underground there had been  
something

>special between them. The sight of her always caused something  
to<br>tingle inside him and made his mood lighten. Somehow every room  
>became warmer, every group of people more friendly with her in  
it.<p>

And how she had reacted to his being back... well let's say he had

>thought they just might be able to ... come clean on some  
feelings<br>he was harboring towards her. He wondered why he had been  
so  
>naive. After all he couldn't expect her to have waited for him  
to<br>come back. It had been years, for crying out loud! And they

>hadn't even been together romantically before he left. So why  
had<br>he been hoping for it - almost expected it - now?

Maybe it would even be better for her if she had found someone

>else. Because of him so much harm had been inflicted upon her.  
And<br>if she was happy with someone else... well, he thought that he

>might be able to endure it if he were sure she was happy.<p>

But he was positive that he would have to move to another city if

>that was the case. Or another continent. Or planet. He  
just<br>wouldn't be able to bear the - however small the chance may  
be -  
>sight... or actually even thought of Scully lying in  
someone<br>else's arms every night, whispering endearments in his  
ear, crying  
>out in the heat of passion...<p>

Mulder was sitting rather lost on Scully's couch, not knowing what

>to do with the newly found time. He didn't have any  
experience<br>with it, since when he used to be bored he rummaged  
around in the  
>file cabinets and found himself and Scully a nice new case  
to<br>which he could direct his attention.

And during the two and a half years he traveled around through the

>States he had had a lot of free time, but he hadn't just  
waited<br>for something to happen. He had always had something to do  
or

>plan. Or fantasize about his 'Coming Home' to Scully. How  
she<br>would be overjoyed by his return, how she would fall into his

>arms, kiss him silly and how they would celebrate his  
return<br>properly... but all that had been wishful thinking. Anyway,  
it had  
>kept him from being bored.<p>

He hadn't waited for Scully to show up.

He realized with a start that that was exactly what his problem

>was. He was bored because Scully wasn't there. And, God, how



he<br>wanted her to be there.

He reached for another sunflower seed, popped it in his mouth,

>cracked the shell open with his teeth and spat the shell out  
and<br>missed by a mile the bowl he had set up just for that purpose

>alone. I better clean this mess up before Scully comes home./

>Hey, that sounded nice. Scully was coming home to him. A big  
grin<br>spreading across his face, he contemplated the possibilities  
of  
>those simple but promising words.<p>

The telephone shook him out of his reverie. Thinking it might be

>Scully checking up on him he answered it.<p>

"Dana Scully's residence."

A startled pause. Then: "May I speak to Dana please?"

/A male voice?!/ "Sorry, but she's still at work. Can I take a  
>message?"<p>

"Who are you, anyway?!", the friendly voice - suddenly not so  
>friendly - demanded.<p>

Mulder resisted the understandable urge to answer with 'her  
>partner' out of habit and said, "A friend."<p>

"Well, tell her I, Charles, will pick up the stuff I forgot the  
>next time I'll be over."<p>

/Charles?/ C.S. Those were the initials on the tie. 'The  
>Boyfriend'. The horrible sense it made scared Mulder terribly.  
"O-<br>oh, okay, I-I'll tell her as soon as she gets home."

"What are you doing in her apartment alone anyway?"

"I-I'm an old friend of hers. I'm visiting her...for a few days...  
>um..." , Mulder sputtered.<p>

That made the man on the other end of the line speak up even

>louder: "Now, listen here, buddy. I don't know who you are and  
I<br>don't really care. That is unless you hurt Dana in any way. Then

>I'll figure out who you are, where you live, and then I'll  
kill<br>you. Slowly and painfully. Have a nice day."

The line went dead.

/Nice fellow./

/Careful. That guy was probably her boyfriend./

/One more reason to dislike the guy./

/But.../

That was when the door swung open and revealed a smiling but  
>obviously tired Scully.<p>

"Hey, Scully, what are you doing here?"

"'Scuse me, Mulder, but - as I reminded you yesterday - this is  
>my apartment."<p>

He smiled at the silliness of his own words. "No... I mean...

>sure... but what I meant was: Why are you home so early?"<p>

"To tell you the truth, I don't trust you when you're bored. You

>always get into trouble then. Like going off on some stupid  
X-File<br>without me or something."

"Why did you think I would be bored?"

She looked to the sunflower seed shells and back to him. "You  
>were, weren't you?"<p>

He looked to the floor sheepishly. "Yeah."

"See? And so I said I had a headache and sent my students home

>early. They sure didn't mind."<p>

By now Scully had shrugged out of her trench and scarf - it was

>getting cold, even for November - and was beginning to clean  
up<br>the mess he had made. He rushed to her side and tried to stop  
her

>with a touch to her forearm.<p>

"Scully, stop. You don't have to do this. I'm taking advantage of

>your hospitality way too much already."<p>

She didn't even turn towards him. Only said: "What do you mean?"

>You've slept on the couch many times before. And you sure as  
hell<br>weren't concerned about my hospitality then."

"Well, I just think it's about time I got an apartment of my own."

>This time she did look up. And Mulder wondered at her  
surprised<br>and slightly disappointed expression. "Mulder, you don't  
have to

>move out yet. You can take your time and look for an apartment  
you<br>really like. Until then you can stay here."

"But, Scully, I really don't want to bother..." /Here it goes./

>"With your boyfriend and everything."<p>

He would have thought she hadn't heard him if it wasn't for that

>questioning eyebrow. Otherwise her body had frozen in  
that<br>position.

"Um...well, Charles called...and..."

"Charlie?", she asked, not quite believing her ears.

"Yeah, and he sounded... um... quite... protective of you..."

A slow smile crept over her face. "He did, did he?"

"Yeah, and so...well, I guessed that..."

"You guessed that he was being protective because he loved  
me."

"Um...well, yes."

"Well, in that respect you are probably right."

She couldn't believe it was possible but his face fell even more.

>"Mulder. You ever hear of persons being referred to as  
brothers?"<p>

He looked at her confused.

"Well, I always thought a guy with a photographic memory wouldn't

>forget something like that so easily, but... MULDER! Charlie is  
my<br>younger brother! That ring a bell?"

Mulder's body slumped and embarrassment showed in his eyes along

>with something she realized was relief. "Why, Mulder, is that  
the<br>green-eyed monster I see?" The humor in her voice didn't stop  
him

>from wincing at the thought he had let himself be deceived  
by<br>jealousy. Embarrassed he plopped down on the couch. He buried  
his

>face in his hands ashamed of his deductions. Scully walked over  
to<br>him and, standing in front of him, ruffled his hair.

Unconsciously

>he leaned towards her and rested his head against her  
belly.<p>

"Don't worry, Mulder, you still are the only man in my life." The

>smile of someone who had won the most precious thing in the  
world<br>slowly lit his face - with only her belly seeing it.

"Does that mean I get to stay here for a while longer?", his

>muffled words met her ears.<p>

Since he didn't look up at her face, he missed the answering grin.

Supper at Tony's had been great. It had been as if they had never  
>been separated. The door opened and Scully and Mulder poured  
into<br>her apartment talking and laughing. Just in time to hear her  
>machine picking up the phone.<p>

"Hi. You've reached the answering machine of Dana Scully. I'm  
>sorry, but I'm not at home right now but if you leave ---"<p>

"I'm here. Yes, please?" Scully had rushed over to the phone.

"Hi, Dana, It's Mom."

"Oh, hi, Mom."

"Hi, sweetheart. How are you doing?"

"Matter of fact, fine, Mom."

"Yes, I can hear that. Is there a particular reason for all that  
>laughing?"<p>

Scully looked over to Mulder. "Well, yes. Mom... Mulder's back."

>"Oh, honey, that's wonderful! We have to celebrate that. Why  
don't<br>you two come over for dinner tonight? I'll fix something  
nice to  
>eat."<p>

"Oh, wait a sec." She looked over to Mulder. "Mom invited us for  
>dinner tonight. You want to go?"<p>

He frowned as he contemplated the question. Scully smiled at him,  
>held the hand over the mouth piece and said: "Don't worry,  
neither<br>Bill nor Charlie will be there."

He smiled at her. "Hey, nobody should ever be able to say I  
>wouldn't grant your mom a wish." He smiled greedily. "And if  
she<br>still cooks as good as she used to..."

"Okay. Mom? We'll be there... let's say at about seven?"

"Sure, honey, that's fine."

"Well, see you later, Mom."

"Yes, bye, Dana."

Scully hung up the phone and looked over at Mulder. He wore a

>silly grin on his face. She raised a questioning eyebrow at him.<br>He shrugged and said, "Guess I'll be called 'Fox' again from  
>tonight on."<p>

Scully smiled. She knew how he hated that name. But somehow he  
>didn't mind her mom calling him that. Maybe as a compensation  
for<br>his mom, who didn't seem to be too forthcoming with affection  
>towards him.<p>

The time until they had to leave for Mrs. Scully's was spent by  
>making Mulder at home. Scully helped him put his stuff in  
'his'<br>side of the closet, shoe shelf, book shelf, her - um...  
their -  
>desk and she even let him get his own password for her computer  
so<br>he could use it. Although he probably knew hers anyway.

The only problem with making some space for him was in the  
>bathroom. She swept the stuff in the cupboard over to one side  
and<br>offered him the rest of the cupboard. That was about two and a  
>half inches. Women's beauty stuff take up a lot of room. I can't  
>believe how much stuff she has. Her apartment is at least twice  
as<br>big as mine used to be but she needs every square foot of it.  
She  
>probably has many more good memories than I do. And so she has  
all<br>these reminders of good times. Well, I'm starting to collect  
good  
>memories now, too.

When they were finished with moving Mulder in, it was already  
>about time to leave again.<p>

As Margaret opened the door to greet Mulder and her daughter, the  
>sight of those two together again almost brought tears to  
her<br>eyes.

After giving Dana a quick hug she did the same with him and said:  
>"It's good that you're back, Fox."<p>

"Well, it was time for me to come home, Mrs. Scully."

She smiled knowingly at him and let them in to the house.

/Don't they realize how perfect they are for each other?/

Maggie noted with interest how Mulder helped Scully out of her

>coat and then hung it up for her. And that he got her chair  
for<br>her when they sat down at the table. He was so sweet to Scully

>that Maggie even wondered if he would cut the meat into  
bite-size<br>pieces for her daughter. But she knew - and apparently  
Mulder knew  
>it, too - that Scully wouldn't let him continue with the  
pampering<br>if it got too obvious. So he only watched Scully  
carefully as she  
>cut her steak by herself.<p>

Scully was really enjoying herself. All in all it was a wonderful  
>evening. Well, except for Mulder. He was beginning to be a  
little<br>annoying. And that smile on her mom's face was broadening  
with  
>each of Mulder's gestures. But Mulder seemed to be  
getting<br>distracted from his ministrations by the great meal her  
mom had  
>offered them. Her suspicions were verified when Mulder  
said:<p>

"Mrs. Scully. This is absolutely fabulous. I think I have never  
>tasted anything halfway as delicious as this in my entire  
life!"<p>

"Well, you ought to let Dana invite you for dinner more often  
>then. I taught her everything I know. I'm sure her husband will  
be<br>taken good care of someday."

Scully shot her mom 'A Look', one which her mom purposely  
ignored.

Over supper Maggie noticed that she had two very quiet visitors.

>Well, with words. Their silently spoken words with looks  
and<br>touches were quite loud. Just like now. They were looking -  
>staring - at each other and she could bet they weren't  
even<br>listening to her. So she wanted to test that idea.

"You two already decided on the names of your children?" Scully's  
>head whipped around and she stared at her mom. Had she heard  
what<br>she thought she had? The smug grin on her mom's face said  
so.

"Mom!"

"I just wanted to see if you were listening. I'll stop.  
Promise."

Well, Maggie continued. At every opportunity she threw in some

>comment that let Scully blush in embarrassment and Mulder  
smile.<br>Like:  
>"Fox, I'm sure you'll someday make a great husband and  
father."<p>

"You two look like two love-sick teenagers."

"Dana always says she doesn't have any time for a boyfriend.

>Right. I'm sure she'd make some time if the right guy asked."<p>

But probably the worst comment was:

>"Stop bickering, you two. It almost sounds as if you were<br>married."

It was so embarrassing! Her mom was trying to set them up! She

>would never live through this. So naturally, the first thing she<br>did when out of her mom's house, she apologized for her mom's

>behavior.<p>

His good-natured reply was: "Can you really cook that well? I

>might consider marrying you."<p>

Scully was thankful for the darkness surrounding them, for he

>couldn't see the dark crimson creeping up her cheeks. But she<br>wrapped herself in feigned exasperation: "Muulllderrrrr..."

He

>didn't seem to see past it and so she was rescued from a real<br>reply.

-----  
End of part three

So this is love, mmh hmm umh hmm, so this is what makes life

>divine... oops, sorry... got a little carried away...yeah, we're<br>working on the next part...promise...

-----  
We' ve known each other

>For a long, long time<br>But I never really noticed

>all the magic in your eyes<br>I've been around you

>A thousand times before<br>And you've always been a friend to me

>But now I'm wanting more.<p>

----- Mariah Carey (I've Been Thinking About You)

#### 4. Coming Home 4

Coming Home (4/6)

>Part four<p>

by Nussy and Cirglas

Disclaimer and everything you need to know is in part

>one, please read the other parts beforehand. This chapter<br>won't make much sense standing on it's

own.

-----  
>It was so embarrassing! Her mom was trying to set them up!  
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she did when out of her mom's house, she apologized for  
>her mom's behavior.<p>

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>might consider marrying you."<p>

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>couldn't see the dark crimson creeping up her cheeks. But  
she<br>wrapped herself in false exasperation: "Muulllderrrrrr..." He  
>didn't seem to see past it and so she was rescued from a  
real<br>reply.

-----  
When they got home it was pretty late, just like the evening  
>before. They got ready for bed in silent mutual agreement.<br>Scully  
came out of her bedroom in way too big men's pajamas.  
>Mulder smiled at the sight. She had her hair pulled back in  
a<br>ponytail just like she had had it 24 hours ago, the first  
>time he had seen her after such a long time. She curled up<br>next  
to him on the sofa and they watched the news together.

When they turned off the TV Mulder looked over at her and  
>caught her yawning.<p>

"You're cute."

"I'm not cute." She looked up at him with a grin on her face.  
>"I'm sexy!" Her forwardness had surprised him so much that<br>her  
words made him laugh out loud; something he rarely did.

But the truth ringing in those words was undeniable. /That's  
>my problem, Scully, that's my problem.

They settled onto their respective sleeping localities - she  
>in her bed, he on the couch facing her - and she switched off<br>the  
light. But Scully could hear him turning and twisting in  
>hope of a comfortable position. Then his hesitant words<br>reached  
her ears:

"Scully?"

"Hm?"

"You, um...think your mom likes me?"

"Sure, Mulder. Or do you think she offers me to every good-  
>looking man passing by?" Scully smiled. If he still



hadn't<br>realized how her mom adored him...

"Scully?"

"Yes, Mulder?"

"Don't you wanna buy a longer couch?"

"Go to sleep, Mulder."

"Scully?"

"Yes?"

"Are you comfortable?"

"Yes, Mulder, and tired, too. So good night."

" 'Night, Scully."

"Scully?"

"What?"

"Are you asleep already?"

"Well, I was."

"Oh, sorry."

"S'okay."

" 'Night"

"Scully?"

"What now?"

"Sweet dreams."

Scully, although she badly wanted to be annoyed, had to feel  
>sorry for him. That couch probably was very uncomfortable for<br>his  
tall body, keeping him from finding any sleep.

"Mulder?"

"Yeah, Scully?"

"Come over here."

"Is that an invitation?", his humorous voice and soft chuckle  
>filled the air. But she already heard his footsteps on  
her<br>floor.

"I just don't want to deal with a cranky Mulder tomorrow,  
>only because my couch was too short. One night on the couch<br>may  
be okay. But as a doctor I can tell you: It really is not  
>good for your back." She knew she was rationalizing, but  
she<br>didn't care. His lanky form appeared next to the bed. She

>could barely make out his silhouette in the dim light that<br>flowed in through the window. She tried to hide her uneasy  
>feeling at sharing the bed with him by turning her head in<br>the other direction. She knew she was attracted to him...

She felt the mattress shift under his weight and then he  
>jokingly said:<br>"But, Scully, don't try anything."

"Mulder. I'm not only a bundle of raging hormones. I can  
>handle myself and resist you." Maybe./

She turned back towards him and could see he was pouting and

>looking at her with that puppy-dog look. But she was able  
to<br>stifle the smile that threatened to form on her face. She

>wouldn't let him win.<p>

There was something in his eyes that made her think that she  
>would soon find out just how irresistible he was. Who are  
>you kidding, Dana, you know he's irresistible.

After he had crawled under the blanket and she had turned her  
>face away again, he leaned near to Scully's ear and<br>whispered:

>"You sure?"<p>

The blanket moved with the shiver he had made run through  
>her. He was WAY too close! Finally she managed to ask in a<br>shaky  
voice:

>"Mulder. What are you trying to do?"<p>

He propped his head up on one arm and tucked a strand of her

>copper hair behind her ear. He looked at her  
innocently.<br>"Nothing."

Scully let out a puff of air while saying, "Yeah, right."  
>Mulder started massaging her shoulders, not seeming to want<br>to stop tempting her.

Mulder's thoughts were heading in just that direction. He had

>finally decided that it was time that they admitted  
their<br>feelings - at least to themselves. He was sure he loved

>Scully and he thought she might return his feelings. He knew<br>that he had loved her for a long time now but somehow there  
>had never been the right time to tell her, even if he  
had<br>realized it himself.

After he had returned from his two and a half years of  
>absence, the bond between them was still there. They even<br>seemed to be closer than before, smiling more, touching more.  
>That probably could be based in the fact that they  
weren't<br>partners with the FBI anymore. The walls they had so

>carefully constructed between them almost weren't necessary<br>now. And Mulder had to admit, he liked this new closeness. He

>didn't want to go back to how they were. So he was  
probably<br>enjoying this back rub just as much as Scully was.

To his surprise Scully started humming softly. A sound that  
>almost could be compared to a purr. When he realized that<br>Scully  
was much too tired to react to his ministrations in  
>the way he had, to his own surprise, - almost - hoped,  
Mulder<br>slowed his hands and then gave her a soft finishing  
pat.

" 'Night, Scully."

At that Scully turned around and suddenly Mulder found  
>himself with an armful of his partner and best friend. An<br>armful  
of Scully.

Her stroked her hair until he heard her breathing become slow  
>and steady, then allowed himself a chaste kiss to her<br>forehead.  
/We'll talk about this tomorrow./

And that was how they fell asleep: her head on his chest, his  
>arms around her, legs tangled and their breaths mixed.<p>

Mulder came out of sleep to a red blob of hair. /Hey, I think  
>I know her! Even the view from the top was familiar. Only  
>the lying on his back was strange. Unconsciously he resumed<br>the  
caressing of her shoulder. He felt the irrational longing  
>to see her face. The roman nose, the soft curve of her<br>cheeks,  
the rosy lips he knew had to be as soft as they  
>looked... Mulder, get a grip! / But nevertheless he wanted to  
>look at her so much, that he had to give in to the desire. So<br>he  
carefully turned her head and studied her features.

Deprived of his warmth she tried to snuggle still closer in  
>her sleep. A lazy smile formed on his face in reaction while<br>his  
arms tightened their hold on her. He marveled at the fact  
>that someone so beautiful and fragile could at the same time<br>be  
so strong. For Christ sakes! She was about as stubborn as  
>he was! And every time he looked into her startling blue eyes<br>he  
could see the incredible intelligence looming just behind.

Oh, how he had missed her! He had missed her smile, her  
>skeptic eyebrow, her auburn hair and the clean, sunshiny<br>scent  
that she had. He had missed touching her arm to get her  
>attention, touching the small of her back to guide her down  
a<br>hall or through a door. And when he got the chance to cradle

>her cheek in his palm...<p>

He had missed those rare but electrifying embraces they had  
>shared over the last years. But those hugs had always been<br>born  
out of great pain and fear: Their first case... after he  
>had checked the mosquito bites; when he had rescued her  
from<br>Pfaster; after he had returned from Mexico and then Russia,

>when his mom had been in the hospital; after Penny Northern<br>had  
died... and those rare times he got to give her a kiss...  
>even if it only was on the cheek, forehead or hand... he  
had<br>longed for those moments during his absence.

He had recalled them as often as he could. But those thoughts  
>had not particularly improved his mood. Sometimes the need  
to<br>simply hear her voice had been so overwhelming that he had

>called her only to hear her softly spoken words on the<br>answering  
machine.

Scully stirred restlessly and he realized with disappointment  
>that his quiet musings were at an end. She awoke and favored<br>him  
with a bright smile.

"So...was this more comfortable than the couch?"

"Sure. I had a nice and warm blanket." He joked. That earned  
>him a playful shove to his ribs.<p>

Scully had enjoyed waking up next to him. In fact she enjoyed

>being next to him, period. Trying to postpone getting up  
she<br>asked:  
>"Well, what's the plan for today?"<p>

"Oh, well, since it's Saturday we probably should look  
>whether there are any apartment ads in the paper that sound<br>good  
enough to check out personally. And then I'd like to go  
>over to the Gunmen. I need to get updated on some stuff."<p>

Scully interrupted him: "You probably just want your video

>collection back which you loaned to Frohike."<p>

Mulder's eyes widened in shock and he feigned a mortal blow  
>to his heart. "Nah. But I don't think Frohike would give  
them<br>back anyway."

"And how about we rent a movie tonight?"

"Sure. Fine with me." Having settled that, the inevitable had

>come. They had to get up. Scully was still cradled in his<br>arms  
and Mulder had a hard time letting go of her. Scully  
>reluctantly untangled herself from him and got up. Life can  
>be so cruel...

Scully looked up from her page of the newspaper ads. Across  
>from her Mulder sat on the floor, too, legs crossed,  
reading<br>glasses on, with a frown marring his handsome features.

>"What's wrong, Mulder?"<p>

"I just can't seem to find an acceptable apartment: This  
>one's too far away from the city. And this one is across the<br>town  
from you. This one is too expensive and these two are on  
>the sixth floor without an elevator."<p>

"Well, the same here: Too expensive, not the best  
>neighborhood, way too far away, and with this one they don't<br>even  
want pets as tiny as fish." It was really strange. If  
>one of them found an apartment that seemed to be okay, the<br>other  
one was sure to find some kind of fault with it.

"Well, sorry, Scully, but it looks like I'll just have to  
>stay a while longer."<p>

"Since you moved your stuff in already, I guess I'll just  
>have to put up with you, right?" But her heart made a  
happy<br>flip-flop at the thought.

The Lone Gunmen were paranoid as always, bombarding Mulder  
>and Scully with their newest theories. And while Byers and<br>Langly  
tried to convince Scully that even the Superbowl had  
>been manipulated by the government, Frohike eyed - leered at<br>-  
Scully in a for Mulder terribly annoying way. When Mulder  
>couldn't take it anymore, he possessively draped his arm<br>around  
Scully's shoulders.

A few feet away, Frohike started drawing something on a sheet  
>of paper. After a minute he set the pen aside and held up  
the<br>sheet for Mulder's inspection:  
>'I get the message!', it said, and Mulder had to smile at  
the<br>absurdity of the situation. He was being possessive of

>Scully. And he had been so obvious that Frohike had  
relented.<br>/Luckily, Scully didn't notice. She would've killed  
me./

But Scully didn't seem to notice his sudden nearness. Or at  
>least she didn't seem to mind it. She was discussing<br>something  
with the other two Gunmen and seemed to be  
>concentrated on only that. The fact that her attention  
wasn't<br>focused on him made him jealous but, as he heard the word  
"X-  
>files", he decided it might be a good idea to follow  
the<br>conversation a little more closely.

"So they're closed down right now?", Scully was asking.

"Yeah, but they were open a year ago or so. But they closed  
>'em again when Skinner decided the team was too influenced  
by<br>trying to improve their career. So now they're waiting until

>someone else applies for the job... By the way, I think you<br>two  
would be perfect for it." Byers smiled at Mulder first  
>and then at Scully.<p>

Mulder tightened his arm around her shoulders and leaned  
>down, close to her face.<p>

"Why, Scully, I think someone's trying to set us up."

She smiled up at him. "Yeah, Mulder, and with my mother that  
>makes two."<p>

"And?" He couldn't keep the eagerness out of his voice.

"And what?"

"Would you come back to the X-files with me?"

She turned around and flung herself in his arms. "I thought

>you'd never ask!"<p>

So that matter was decided. First thing Monday morning they  
>would talk to Skinner and ask to get the X-files back.<br>Mulder's  
heart beat a little faster at the thought. That he  
>finally had Scully back still felt like a dream. But now  
they<br>might have the chance to work together again. As partners at  
>the X-files division.<p>

Almost too good to be true.

Upon arriving back at Scully's apartment, Mulder forbid her  
>to even step into the kitchen. He had promised to cook. So<br>she  
had resisted the urge to rescue her kitchen and made  
>herself comfortable on the couch in front of the TV.<p>

As Mulder came out of the kitchen to get her because dinner  
>was just about ready, he stopped dead in his tracks when he<br>saw  
her there, lying on the couch with her feet propped up on  
>one armrest - she was just the right size for lying there  
-,<br>chewing on her lower lip. She still wore her sweatshirt and  
>jeans but she wouldn't have looked any better for him, had<br>she  
worn anything else.

She looked so peaceful, even happy, and Mulder wished he  
>could make her feel this way more often. Then, right there,<br>he  
promised himself that even if they worked together on the  
>X-Files again, his first concern would be to make her happy.<br>He  
would never let anything come between them again. He  
>wanted to be close to her, wanted to be near her for the rest<br>of  
his life. Without her, life was just not worth living. At  
>that moment he made a decision, just like the evening  
before:<br>This was the evening. He was going to tell her that he  
loved  
>her.<p>

He had made dinner for them. They had rented a movie and they  
>were going to spend another evening together. That seemed<br>like  
the right time to tell her that he didn't want his own  
>apartment. He wanted to stay here. With her. Forever.<p>

"Earth to Mulder, earth to Mulder. Anybody home?" Scully had  
>caught him staring. He dipped his head sheepishly and tried<br>to  
evade her gaze.

"Um... Dinner's ready." He finally managed to meet her eyes  
>again.<p>

She smiled at him and, holding his gaze, she turned off the  
>TV and walked over to the table he had already set and<br>decorated  
with two candles. She sat down and, since he still  
>hadn't moved, she asked:<p>

"So? Is it ready or not?" She smiled a secret smile as Mulder  
>hurried off into the kitchen to get the food. It was fun to<br>be

looked at like that. Especially by him. It made her  
>stomach feel as if she had hundreds of butterflies in it. And<br>she  
really liked that feeling.

"This is absolutely ridiculous!" Scully exclaimed as the two

>characters on the TV declared their undying love for each<br>other.  
"Real life is NOT like that. This is so... so...  
>MOVIE!" Scully started laughing hysterically. It was just  
too<br>ridiculous.

"Hey, Scully, you picked the movie. It's your own fault."

Scully turned towards him and when her laughter ebbed off a

>little, said: "Yeah, but I hadn't seen it before, so I<br>couldn't  
have known it was so silly."

Mulder's frown finally stopped her from laughing all

>together.<p>

"Scully... is it that impossible for two people who love each

>other to become involved against better judgment?"<br>Scully gazed  
back at the TV screen where the two lovebirds  
>were in the middle of a kissing marathon. Come on, say  
>something. "No. It's the way they portray it. It's too  
>sappy. Too unrealistic. People meet over work, fall in love<br>but  
never act on it and then, apropos of nothing, they say 'I  
>love you' and everything turns out to be okay. A  
typical<br>Hollywood happy ending. Don't you think it's a bit too

>unbelievable?" You don't think so, so why should he?/

Since Mulder didn't reply, Scully turned her head and looked  
>at him again. She shrugged at him and tried to smile but it<br>was a  
feeble attempt. She hadn't wanted to sound so  
>unromantic. It was just that the irony of the situation  
had<br>gotten to her. They were watching a romantic movie about

>hidden and suppressed feelings. It was like looking into  
a<br>mirror. But of course she couldn't let him know that she felt

>that way about him.<p>

He was still frowning at her and biting on his lower lip.

>Suddenly she noticed how close their faces had become.  
Their<br>gazes locked, they looked at each other for what seemed like

>an eternity. I want to loose myself in his eyes./ Scully  
>moved her head just a tad more towards him. It wasn't  
even<br>purposefully. It just seemed as if she was being pulled to

>him like metal to a magnet. Not that she wanted to resist...<p>

But then she thought better of it. She gathered all her  
>strength and hesitated. But he took up her action and dipped<br>his  
head forward the rest of the way instead. When their  
>mouths were within a hair's breadth of each other, she was<br>lost.

Although she honestly tried, Scully couldn't figure out  
>a good reason why they shouldn't share a small kiss. It<br>wasn't as  
if they had the bureau to answer to anymore. Not  
>that they had ever followed bureau protocol. She smiled  
and<br>whispered:

"But I want to believe..."

That was it. That had been all it had taken to get these two  
>souls to join. These two halves of a whole. They met in a<br>kiss so  
sweet and innocent and at the same time it was the  
>renewal and deepening of something they had had before. The<br>Kiss  
was only a soft brushing, nipping of lips. They were  
>merely sampling each other. Getting to know each other in a<br>way  
they had only dreamed of before. But what they had been  
>before, hadn't been enough for them anymore. It had been<br>time.  
Time to be fully aware of the feelings they had for  
>each other. Feelings they were now able to explore and  
fully<br>enjoy.

Mulder pulled away slightly, just enough to look at her. When

>their lips lost contact her eyes opened slowly and the love<br>that  
shone there made Mulder forget how to breathe. Her mouth  
>curved into a smile and her eyes reflected the happiness she<br>felt  
inside. Her smile was infectious and he started grinning  
>like an idiot. But hey, who cared? The woman he loved with<br>every  
fiber of his being loved him back. That had to be  
>celebrated properly.<p>

That celebration, of course, being a second kiss. So Mulder  
>leaned forward again and touched his lips to hers. He<br>realized  
that she eagerly returned the kiss and that made him  
>glad he had finally had the courage to take this next step.<p>

The kiss grew more urgent and more passionate by the second.  
>As Mulder finally deepened the kiss, his arms encircled her<br>waist  
and Scully's snaked around his neck. They tried every  
>angle for better access. Their lips meshed and sought and<br>meshed.  
And fought a lovely battle. But in this fight they  
>were both winners. As an old saying has the kindness of<br>reminding  
us: 'Make love, not war.' And that's just what they

>did...<p>-----  
-

End part four

The plot is thickening... Which plot?

The statement : "I'm not cute, I'm sexy!" belongs to Caro, a  
>friend of ours. But she IS cute...<p>

## 5. Coming Home 5

Coming Home (5/6)  
>Part five<p>



by Nussy and Cirglas

Disclaimer and everything you need to know is in part  
>one, please read the other parts beforehand. This chapter<br>won't  
make much sense standing on it's  
own.

-----  
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>and Scully's snaked around his neck. They tried every angle  
for<br>better access. Their lips meshed and sought and meshed. And  
>fought a lovely battle. But in this fight they were both  
winners.<br>As an old saying has the kindness of reminding us: 'Make  
love, not  
>war.' And that's just what they did...<p>-----

Scully felt her breathing and pulse slowing down again, just like  
>her partner's. They lay there comfortable amidst the  
twisted<br>covers, she half on top of him, her leg draped over one of  
his, head  
>on his collar bone, tucked securely under his chin, both pairs  
of<br>eyes closed, his one hand resting lightly on her hip, his other  
>cradling her small left hand and holding it to his heart.<p>

Their love-making had been... well, was there a word for it?

>Special didn't even come close, but it had been special. They  
had<br>sought and given pleasure to each other passionately, but  
tenderly.  
>He had been so careful, so loving. So extremely eager to please  
her.<br>She loved him more than ever.

"I love you." Mulder blurted out, as if reading her mind.

Scully had to chuckle, "Yep, I heard you."

Mulder had been rather enthusiastic about telling - yelling - her  
>just how much he loved her.<p>

After a short hesitation Scully asked: "Mulder, where do we go from  
>here?"<p>

"I'm a little too tired to go anywhere right now." Mulder said.

>Scully sighed. She usually liked his humor but when she needed<br>an  
answer it was tiring and annoying.

Mulder noticed her irritation and, sighing audibly before meeting

>her gaze, he went on: "I have to admit, I'm a little worried  
about<br>you. It's dangerous enough to be my friend, or even to work  
with  
>me, as you know. As a lover... You already were the most

important<br>person in my life before tonight. And They know that. I really don't  
>want them to hurt you any more. You'd be safer being as far away<br>from me as you can get." Before she could contradict him, he  
>continued, "No, listen to me, Scully. Ever since you met me you<br>had to go through all those horrible things. I really don't know why  
>you stayed with me all this time. It would probably be better if I left<br>you. You deserve better."

Scully's lips started trembling but she willed her voice to sound

>strong as she pushed herself up so she could look him fully in the<br>eyes. "What are you trying to say? No, Mulder, you can't leave me now.  
>I - WE - have waited so long for this. This is right. And I don't care<br>what anybody else says or thinks. I stayed because I loved you,  
>because I still love you. And I wanted to find the truth. So I stayed.<br>Stop punishing yourself for something that's not your fault. We're  
>stronger together. That's what they know. Together we can stop<br>them. We won't stand a chance, though, if we're apart. Please, don't  
>leave me, I don't want it to be over before it really starts. I don't<br>want to be without you anymore."

Mulder bent his head down and kissed the top of her head.  
>"I'm glad that's how you feel, Scully, 'cause to tell you the truth, I<br>really don't wanna go. I just think it might be better for you." He  
>wanted to make light of the dark mood that had surrounded them.<br>He chuckled and pulled her close. "Anyway, I had to say that for  
>the record. Had to give you one more chance to back out."<p>

She apparently read his mind, for a forced chuckle joined his.

>Scully rested her head on his collar bone again. The joking had helped.<br>She felt a little more at ease.

"You know what?", Mulder asked after a long pause.

"What?" She replied without opening her eyes.

"Your brother Bill is gonna kill me."

"Nah. He knows I'm fully capable of dealing with you myself."

"Now I'm relieved."

"You should be. 'Cause he'd get Charlie to help."

He chuckled. "Well, at least your mom likes me."

"Guess your charm only works with women."

"Glad it worked with you."

Scully's eyes opened. She wasn't quite used to these open

>'affections' from him yet. "I am too."<p>

"I love you, Scully," he repeated from before.

"I love you right back," she answered and soon they were

>contentedly dreaming away, snuggling even closer together in sleep.<p>

Scully woke to a cool rush of air at her back. She pulled the covers

>tighter around her, but still couldn't shake the feeling that she was<br>cold and missing something important. And it didn't take long for

>her to realize what it was: Mulder.<p>

Her eyes flew open and she looked around her. He was gone.

>How could he do that to me?/ she thought. /Did he change his mind?

>I thought I had convinced him... This is so typical Mulder!

Too<br>overprotective to be good for him - or me, for that matter./

Sighing in frustration, she shoved back the covers and jumped out

>of bed, about to look for him, when she noticed she was still cold<br>and naked from head to toe. So she went over and picked up

>Mulder's shirt from the floor. Wondering why Mulder would have<br>left his shirt here but figuring he had simply been too busy with

>running for the hills, she started to pull it on.<p>

"Oh, please don't put it on. I like you just the way you are."

>She turned her head and there he was, standing in the door with a<br>tray in his hands. She ran over to him and flung herself into his

>arms. She was so relieved.<p>

Having to rescue the breakfast on the tray, Mulder lifted it up in

>the air, above her head and over it, so arms and tray encircled her.<br>"Hey, hey, hey... shhhh... what's wrong?"

"Oh, Mulder, I thought you were gone, that you had changed your

>mind." Scully mumbled into his bare chest.<p>

Mulder was really shocked that she could think something like that.

>"Come on. You didn't really think that, did you?"<p>

She shook her head. "No. It's just... I woke up and you weren't there.

>And because of what you said yesterday..."<p>

"Don't worry, Scully. I won't go. I don't think I could live without

>you anymore. I tried to for two years and believe me, it really  
was<br>not a bed of roses." When she had collected herself he lifted  
the  
>tray from around her and guided her back to the bed.<p>

"I'm sorry. I should have known better.", she admitted.

"Don't worry about it, Scully, you were probably still half asleep.

>I'm sorry I frightened you yesterday. I'm just worried about you,  
that's<br>all."

Scully crawled back under the covers and he set the tray on her lap,

>then moved to sit beside her, holding her close. That was when  
she<br>first noticed the red rose lying on the tray. She felt so  
silly in that  
>moment. She had mistrusted him and he had made breakfast,<br>being  
so sweet and buying her a rose.

Mulder started feeding her the breakfast he had made and she was

>really enjoying herself.<p>

"Be careful, Mulder. You'll spoil me."

"Oh, Scully, I don't mind spoiling you. At least that'll keep you  
away  
>from all the other guys."<p>

They both laughed and Scully said: "Oh, don't you worry. I'll settle  
>for nothing but the best."<p>

"Me neither," Mulder said and they grinned at each other.

"So you'll keep your eyes to yourself when we're back at the  
office?",  
>she queried.<p>

"No I won't." Mulder smiled at her pout and frown. "I just don't  
think  
>I can stop looking at you, even if that causes a few strange looks  
from<br>our fellow agents."

Scully beamed at him. Then she started nibbling on her bottom lip.

>He was just starting to lean down to let his teeth take over when  
she<br>started talking again. "Which reminds me. What are we going to  
tell  
>Skinner? I mean... about us?"<p>

He straightened again. "That we'll work together on the X-Files or

>neither of us will. That we became involved and that we won't  
go<br>back to being merely friends just because of that stupid bureau  
policy,"  
>Mulder said, conveying the depth of his emotions.<p>

"And what if he won't let us work together?"

"Then I'll start teaching at Quantico, too. Listen, Scully, I've had  
>some time to think. I won't give this - US - up for anything in the  
world.<br>And I don't want to have to hide how happy we are. I want  
the whole  
>world to know that the most beautiful, intelligent, wonderful  
'Doc'<br>loves me."

She pulled his head down to hers and just before their lips touched  
>she whispered: "I do, Mulder. I do love you. So much."<p>

And soon breakfast was forgotten and they were filled with a  
>different kind of hunger.<p>

They had gotten up and showered together, Mulder resisting the  
>almost overwhelming urge to take a VERY LONG 'shower' with a<br>VERY  
wet and sexy Scully right there in the shower cabin. But he held  
>himself back. Though he had had to pretend that the water was ice  
cold.<p>

Right now she was still in the bathroom while he was watching a  
>basketball game on TV. When she came out into the living room<br>she  
smiled at the sight of him. He looked cute. Like a little boy  
>concentrating on something, but very relaxed at the same time.<br>He  
was pouting. His favorite team was probably losing  
again.

"Mulder?"

"Wait a sec, Scully. The game's really exiting."

/WHAT? Did he just say 'Wait a sec' to me? Well, sorry to tell you  
>'Mister' but you never say 'Wait a sec' to me!

Scully knew about the power of woman's weapons and sauntered  
>over to the couch and sat down beside him. She let his shirt ride  
up<br>her thigh a little more than what would have been normal. But  
he  
>didn't seem to notice her. He was entirely captivated by the  
game.<br>/Here comes plan B./

She leaned in close to him and whispered huskily into his ear.

>"You trying to get rid of me?", she said, trying to sound as sexy  
as<br>possible.

That got his attention. He slowly turned his head and grinned at  
her.

Oh, he had noticed her all right! She looked good in his shirt -  
>especially because the shirt showed a lot of leg. He liked it

when<br>she wore his clothes. It had always been a way of staking his claim.

>The first time she had had to wear his sweatshirt was imprinted in<br>his photographic memory:

Her blouse had been soaked after they had had to run through the

>pouring rain. So he had loaned her his favorite Nicks sweatshirt.<br>He had felt closer to her then, when looking at her in his clothes

>and afterwards, too, when she had already left and he had pulled on<br>the sweatshirt himself. Her fragrance still on the material, he had

>savored that fine scent with a deep breath and not had taken the<br>shirt off for the rest of the weekend.

Even much later, every time he looked at the shirt he saw her

>sitting in it on his couch, hair tousled, eyes shining with laughter<br>about some comment he had made about how she looked like a

>drowned rat. They had sat there together and worked but he had<br>been distracted by the way she looked. She had looked so small

>and delicate with the big shirt on. But nonetheless incredibly sexy.<p>

But now, as he looked at her in his white shirt, he only saw a

>beautiful, intelligent woman. And this particular beautiful,<br>intelligent woman was his. It was as if his shirt confirmed

>what he had felt all along: That they belonged together.<p>

"And, Scully? What am I supposed to wear, if you start >wearing my clothes?"<p>

"Well, I'd let you wear some of mine... but they wouldn't fit you; and

>secondly, I like you better the way you are: in your black silk boxers."<p>

Scully enjoyed teasing Mulder. He smiled at her and that told her

>volumes. And she realized with great satisfaction that now he had<br>completely forgotten about the basketball game. /Found something

>more interesting to look at, huh? She carefully took hold of >the remote control and turned off the TV. He didn't even notice.<p>

The rest of the lazy day was spent on that couch, simply enjoying

>their nearness, cuddling up and kissing. Talking about anything and<br>everything. Making out like two teenagers. Laughing, joking,

>imagining how their life might be in a couple of months. Then<br>they took a nap, Scully half covering Mulder.

For dinner they had planned something really nice. Mulder

>wanted to take her out to a quiet restaurant. They even  
dressed<br>up. It was a special evening. Their 24 hour anniversary  
and their  
>first evening out together. REALLY together. That had to  
be<br>celebrated.

So Mulder waited in one of his new suits for the love of his life to

>show up from behind her bedroom door. When she finally<br>emerged  
from her room Mulder almost let the book fall down  
>he had been reading to calm - ignore - his impatience. Not  
that<br>it had helped. There she stood, the most beautiful woman in  
the  
>world, in a midnight-blue, floor-length, slightly bell-cut,  
satin<br>dress. It had a slit up the right side which reached her  
upper thigh.  
>It was very low cut with a lovely shaped neckline and thin  
straps<br>over her shoulders.

She wore high-heeled shoes which matched the dress in color and

>gloss. Her hair had been swept up, tendrils of copper framing  
her<br>face. The brightness of her jewelry reflected in her startling  
blue  
>eyes. Her beauty alone would have paralyzed every man in  
the<br>whole universe. But, as it was, what made Mulder's heart beat  
>faster than his 'Doctor Scully' would have thought was good<br>for  
him, was the bright smile on her face.

Scully's smile widened as she saw Mulder's reaction to her outfit.

>He had been sitting on the couch but at her footfall had risen  
from<br>it. Now he was standing across from her and staring at her  
over the  
>back of the couch. Eyes, opened so wide that only the openness  
of<br>his mouth could surpass them, sweeping up and down her  
breathtaking  
>outfit.<p>

Scully walked around the couch and took his outstretched hand  
>but otherwise pretended that nothing special was going on.<br>Mulder  
broke out of his daze, shut his mouth and smiled at her.  
>He cleared his throat and said:<br>"Shall we go, Ma'am?"

Scully nodded her agreement and said: "So... Where is my

>good-looking guy taking me tonight?"<p>

"I said it'd be a surprise, Scully. As in 'not knowing  
>beforehand'."<p>

Scully, caught off guard, laughed. "Oh, Mulder. I missed  
>you." Then, as if remembering something she had almost<br>forgotten,  
she closed the remaining distance between them and

>said:<br>"Welcome home, Mulder."

They shared a small kiss. Then they both turned to the door.

>Mulder opened it and guided her through with his hand on  
the<br>small of her back. Yeah, He was home. For  
good.

-----

End part five

Yeah, okay, it's a little short, but hey... At least the  
>editing didn't take forever. ;)<p>

Hey, did someone say feedback? PLLLLLLLLLLAAAAASSSEEE!!  
>Pretty please with sugar on top? We'll even write back!  
;)<p>-----

I don't know what brought us here  
>Something in the stars said you and me<br>I don't know where this  
feeling comes from  
>Surely it was meant to be<br>For I have known you even in my dreams  
  
>My eyes are open, my heart can see<p>

As sure as stars light the midnight sky  
>As sure as children wonder why<br>As sure as newborn babies cry  
>I was born to give my love to you<br>Born to give my love to  
you

Heaven must be holding on  
>To all the love I'm feeling now<br>Here we are this is the moment

>I believe it's our turn somehow<br>Hearts together, hands across the  
night  
>One forever, finally in sight<p>

I was born to give my love to you  
>---- Martina McBride (Born to Give My Love to You)<p>

## 6. Coming Home 6

Coming Home (6/6)  
>Part six<p>

by Nussy and Cirglas

Disclaimer and everything you need to know is in part  
>one, please read the other parts beforehand. This chapter<br>won't  
make much sense standing on it's  
own.

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"So... Where is my good-looking guy taking me tonight?"

"I said it'd be a surprise, Scully. As in 'not knowing  
>beforehand'."<p>

Scully, caught off guard, laughed. "Oh, Mulder. I missed



>you." Then, as if remembering something she had almost<br>forgotten, she closed the remaining distance between them and

>said:<br>"Welcome home, Mulder."

They shared a small kiss. Then they both turned to the door.

>Mulder opened it and guided her through with his hand on the<br>small of her back. Yeah, He was home. For good.

-----

Scully and Mulder walked down the hall of her apartment  
>building. She leading the way, he towering over her, still<br>with the hand in the place just made for it, the small of her  
>back. As they approached the front door Mulder passed her<br>with a few quick strides and reached for the door knob.  
>Opening the door he grinned at her as she walked through it.<p>

Okay, Mulder was being extra charming. And trying to humor  
>her. She could let him get away with it. As long as he didn't<br>overdo it. At her car Scully rummaged around in her purse,

>trying to find her keys. Once again Mulder dangled them in<br>front of her, a broad smile decorating his handsome features.

"Unh, unh, unh-unh," he hummed in a sing-songy voice. "I'm  
>driving tonight. You just sit back and relax."<p>

"Relax? When you're driving? You probably want to drive us to  
>some uncharted US Air Force base or some hide out of some<br>mutant. You sure we're going out to dinner, Mulder?"

"Come on, Scully, would I lie about that when I haven't eaten  
>for three hours?"<p>

"Well, you're right. Didn't think of that." Their gazes  
>locked and a wide grin spread over Mulder's face. Scully had<br>trouble not to smile herself, but somehow managed to simply

>display her killer-eyebrow.<p>

Mulder held the door open for her once again then turned to  
>go over to the driver's side. After changing the seats in the<br>respective way - he sliding his all the way back, she moving

>hers up to the front - he started the engine.<p>

The ride was rather uneventful, other than that it was  
>relatively quiet. But not uncomfortably quiet. More like "We<br>have that special bond that doesn't need words anyway"-  
>quiet. Upon their arrival Scully's eyes widened. It was a<br>very expensive French restaurant which probably didn't even  
>have prices on the menu.<p>

"Mulder?"

That unspoken communication-thing kicked in and he knew what

>she had meant to ask.<p>

"You know, I got tired of all that Chinese and Italian  
>takeout we always seem to have. Need to get a little variety<br>into  
our culinary habits."

They climbed the few steps to the entrance of the restaurant.

>Suddenly the heel of Scully's shoe tangled in her dress and<br>she  
stumbled. Thanks to Mulder's quick reaction she didn't  
>fall. Well, she did. But only into his arms.<p>

Mulder chuckled. "Hey, Scully. We haven't even had any wine,  
>yet."<p>

He didn't pull his arm from around her shoulders. Scully  
>joined into his chuckling, then hooked her arm around his<br>waist,  
and replied:

"Well, I guess I'm not used to high heels and long dresses  
>any more. My days of partying are long over."<p>

"What? You saying you're too old for parties? Oh, Scully, the  
>fun has just barely begun."<p>

By now they had made their way through the door and stood  
>just inside the restaurant. She looked up to him and he met<br>her  
gaze with his. Their gazes locked and tied a tight knot.  
>With a few safety locks and chains wrapped around it.  
The<br>laughing soon forgotten they lost themselves in the eyes of  
>one another.<p>

"Ahem?"

They jumped and turned their heads to the intruder. The  
>waiter was smiling at them. "Bonsoir, une table pour deux?"<p>

"Yes please." Mulder said and then the waiter lead them to a  
>small secluded table in the back of the room. They sat down<br>and  
were each handed a menu, then the waiter disappeared.

"Mulder. This is wonderful. How did you come to know this  
>place?"<p>

"Ah, I don't know, Scully. Maybe I shouldn't tell you my  
>sources. It would cheapen the whole thing. Let's just say, I<br>can  
work magic."

"Come on, Mulder."

"No way, Scully."

She pursed her lips. "You keeping secrets from me?"

He chuckled. "Oh, okay. The Gunmen told me about it."

"WHAT?!" Her eyes were big as saucers.

"See? I told you it would ruin the effect." He shrugged.

"You trust the guys on something as important as our  
>stomachs?"<p>

"Don't worry. I checked it out beforehand."

Scully looked a little more relieved. No, she looked  
>beautiful. That's what she looked like.<p>

Mulder thought something was strange, though: They were  
>sitting here, on their first date as a couple, and his  
speech<br>wasn't reduced to sputtering. Sure, every time Scully  
looked  
>at him with that affectionate look, his knees started to turn<br>to  
rubber but it somehow wasn't as bad as it had been when he  
>was a gawky teenager.<p>

The dates he remembered within the last 15 years on the other  
>hand had been accompanied by a lot less tension than this<br>one.  
Either he hadn't cared about them that much anyway or he  
>just cared more about his Scully than he had for all  
the<br>others.

And, well, the ease wasn't such a big surprise, since they'd  
>known each other for seven years - no, almost eight years -<br>now.  
They had gone through a lot together and had their own  
>jokes, their own rules. But they weren't shy teenagers,  
not<br>embarrassed every time being caught staring at the other.

But what he did feel like, was a lovesick teenager. He only  
>needed to look at her and then a giddy feeling overcame him.<br>She  
loved him. And they had proceeded with their  
>relationship. They held hands throughout dinner, as if<br>loosing  
contact would somehow be a fatal occurrence. They  
>also played footsie under the table and got a kick out of<br>being a  
normal couple for a little bit. And everything was  
>going just fine.<p>

Oh, sure, he saw the looks the other men gave Scully. He  
>noticed how they followed her with their eyes. But she  
didn't<br>seem to notice and it satisfied him infinitely that, as  
soon  
>as he showed their observers clearly that she was his, they<br>never  
got too obvious again. Well, okay, the way he was  
>showing that they were together gave him the most pleasure.<p>

Like when he bought the whole bouquet of red roses from a

>salesperson coming to their table. And especially the look<br>she  
had given him then. In her eyes had been surprise,  
>confusion, exasperation - the smallest component in her look-<br>understanding, amusement and then so much love his breath  
>caught in his throat.<p>

After finishing dinner, they decided to take a walk around  
>after depositing the roses in the car. They strolled down  
the<br>block and came to the Potomac, then stopped at the wall

>keeping the people from falling down the few feet to the<br>actual  
>riverbank. Scully stood in front of it, laying her  
>hands on it and looking up to the sky. Mulder stood behind<br>her  
>with his arms around her shoulders and his chin resting  
>on the top of her head.<p>

He was so close he had to notice the shiver that ran through  
>her.<p>

"You cold?", he asked her softly in a concerned voice.

She nodded. "A little. The dress is sleeveless."

He reluctantly tore his arms from her and shrugged out of his  
>jacket.<p>

"Here. Take this." He helped her into it.

"Thanks."

They were silent again while Mulder went to lean against the  
>wall and taking her hand in his, and fingered it. Scully  
was<br>looking up at the stars again.

"Oh, Mulder, this night is incredible! The stars are so  
>beautiful."<p>

When he didn't reply right away she turned her head to look  
>at him.<p>

"Well, Scully, you see, I think the most beautiful stars are  
>the ones in your eyes."<p>

She gave his hand a light squeeze and pointed her head in the  
>direction of the car. "Shall we?"<p>

He nodded and straightened. They turned together and he  
>wrapped his arm around her shoulders. They walked back to the<br>car  
and drove home.

Not able to conceal his hunger for her any more, Mulder  
>swiveled Scully around to him. She had been trying to open<br>the  
>door to her apartment but with the light still broken it  
>had taken up more time than Mulder could wait for a Scully-<br>kiss.  
So he simply kissed her where they were now. In a dark  
>hallway in front of her apartment door. Who cares?/

But while the heat was rising and they became more reckless,  
>the door to the apartment across from Scully's opened and a<br>woman  
in her mid-thirties emerged with a young child on her  
>arm. Upon seeing them the kid exclaimed:<p>

"EWWWWWW!!"

And before other statements of disgust could be wailed,

>Scully opened her door and pulled Mulder into her apartment.<br>/What is that kid doing up at this time of the night

>anyway?!

-----  
(Author's Note: Hihi, just had to get that kiddo in /grin/.  
>This is what Cirglas' sister behaves like when people kiss on<br>TV.  
Kids are great! Really, I do like them. But, well, they  
>just DON'T know much about love.  
--Nessy)<br>-----  
---

Monday  
>8:55 AM<br>Skinner's waiting room

"Mulder, would you please stop pacing? It's driving me bats.  
>And stop fiddling with your tie." She gave him an<br>understanding smile. "Come here."

Mulder walked over to Scully and stood in front of her. "I'm

>sorry, Scully. It's just..."<p>

She reached up and straightened his tie. "Don't worry,  
>Mulder. Skinner likes us. Otherwise he would have closed us<br>down a long time ago."

Mulder smiled as he recognized how right she was about that.  
>But he wanted the X-Files back. And he needed to work with<br>her. But they might be separated if the higher-ups found out  
>that they had gotten involved. So they needed Skinner's okay<br>that they would be allowed to work together even if they  
>became lovers.<p>

Mulder heard something that sounded suspiciously like a sigh  
>from his left and turned his head to find out who or what  
had<br>caused it. He noticed that Skinner's secretary had taken an

>unhealthy interest in their interactions. And she was smiling<br>at them with a satisfied smirk on her lips. Mulder took a  
>step back from Scully who had finished with his tie.<p>

He remembered the looks they had received from the security  
>guards down in the entrance hall. They had recognized him  
and<br>Scully and had not hidden their amusement at seeing them

>together once more. Yes, you're right guys. Mr. and Mrs.  
>Spooky are back.

Suddenly Skinner's door swung open and an anxious Skinner  
>peeked out. His gaze landed on Scully.<p>

"I just looked on my schedule and saw your name, Agent  
>Scully. Is there anything I can do for you?" Then he noticed<br>that she wasn't alone. "Mulder?"

"Surprise," Mulder said in his usual humor-soaked voice.  
>Skinner waved them over into his office and closed the

door<br>behind them. Then he shook Mulder's hand with a fierce grip.

>"Good to see you again, Mulder."<p>

"Good to be back, Sir."

"And? Did you find out something about your sister?"

"Yes. I found her, Sir." Mulder couldn't have stifled the  
>tiniest smile at that thought.<p>

"That is great news, Mulder." He looked over to Scully and  
>said: "So how long is he back?"<p>

"A few days."

"And you didn't think it necessary to inform me about it?"

"Oh, Sir, we thought we'd surprise you."

"Well, you sure managed to do that."

"Um, Sir?" Mulder spoke up.

"Yes, I think it's time to take up the business talk. Please  
>take a seat." They complied as Skinner walked around behind<br>his  
desk and sat down in his chair.

"I can imagine what has brought you here. And I'm glad to be  
>able to say: You can have the X-Files back."<p>

Skinner smiled at the happy faces across from him. His two

>favorite agents were back. Finally the boring years were<br>over.  
But there was something else in their faces.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" He asked.

"Well, there is one more thing, Sir." Mulder said and took

>Scully's hand. "You see, Sir, Scully and I have decided to<br>pursue  
our feelings for each other."

A shocked pause. Then: "How recent is that decision?"

"Very recent, Sir," Scully answered.

Skinner frowned. /Oh, no, please don't let him tell us we  
>can't work together anymore.

Skinner looked first one then the other in the eyes. "Hmm.  
>You know, I could have sworn that you two had gotten  
involved<br>years ago."

Mulder was utterly confused. Was he saying that, even though  
>he thought they had gotten involved, he hadn't separated<br>them?  
"Sir?"

"Well, I know that kind of 'fraternization' is frowned upon,  
>but why separate my best agents? I just hope you will stay

my<br>best agents." After they had nodded their confirmation - they  
>were still too perplexed to say anything - Skinner  
continued:<br>"It'll take a little time to get the paper work  
through. But  
>you should be able to start to work on the X-Files again  
by<br>Monday morning. I'll notify Quantico of your transfer, Agent  
>Scully, and make sure that they find a replacement to  
start<br>immediately, so that you can move your things back down to  
>the basement and get settled."<p>

Mulder and Scully stood up and Mulder said "Thank you, Sir."

"You're welcome. I'm glad to have you two back." Skinner  
>nodded at them. Just as they wanted to walk out the door  
he<br>called them back.

"You sure that the decision is recent?"

Scully smiled her enigmatic smile and after glancing at  
>Mulder replied, "The decision is."<p>

As the door closed behind them Skinner shook his head and  
>murmured: "Better late than never."<p>

On the other side of the door Mulder leaned down, wrapped his  
>arms around her waist, picked Scully up and spun her around<br>in  
the air. That surprised a giggle out of her. Mulder was  
>just so happy. He had everything he ever wanted. His sister,<br>the  
X-Files, Scully. Especially Scully. He carefully set her  
>down again and kissed her passionately.<p>

What they hadn't noticed was that the door to the hallway  
>stood open and they could also be seen through the glass<br>window.  
So they earned themselves catcalls, howling and  
>applause for their kiss. As they broke their kiss she  
was<br>flushed, but not from desire this time. Her blushing made him  
>smile.<p>

Mulder's next reaction was the most natural in the world -  
>for him. He cradled her face in his palms and kissed her<br>again.  
For good measure. The applause and noise perked up  
>again.<p>

Skinner, wondering what all the noise was about, opened the  
>door and looked out. What he saw made him smile - for the<br>second  
time this day, in only about twenty minutes.

There they stood, his best pair of agents, in the middle of  
>his outer office, kissing as if their life depended on  
it.<br>Kimberly, his secretary, had propped her head up on her hands  
>and was looking dreamily at the two lovebirds.<p>

Skinner placed his hands on his hips and enjoyed the show.

>Let the fun  
begin./

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The End

Ah. Finished. Finally.

So. What do you think?

>Scully still has to meet Samantha. Or is the story just  
so<br>horrible that Cirglas and I should immediately get rid of our

>comps

altogether?<p>-----  
-----

You are the one who I want to

>Spend my life with<br>You are the one who I want to  
>Share my thoughts with<br>Together in this crazy world  
>We'll be strong if we hold together<br>Holding on to love

In good or bad

>Happy or sad times<br>We'll go through it together  
>you and me<br>We'll show the world  
>That love's eternal<br>Time and time again we'll be  
>Holding strong<p>

You are the one who I want to

>Spend my life with<br>You are the one who I want to  
>Share my thoughts with<br>Together in this crazy world  
>We'll be strong if we hold together<br>Holding on to love

In good or bad

>Happy or sad times<br>We'll go through it together  
>you and me<br>We'll show the world  
>That love's eternal<br>Time and time again we'll be  
>Holding strong<p>

Falling for you

>You're the one, for me now<br>Falling for you, love

In good or bad

>Happy or sad times<br>We'll go through it together  
>you and me<br>We'll show the world  
>That love's eternal<br>Time and time again we'll be  
>Holding strong<p>

---- Kara Johnstad (Holding on to Love)

End  
file.